

5 [Anstey (Chris.), (1724-1805), *author of the New Bath Guide.*] *Envy*, a Poem addressed to Mrs. Miller, at Batheaston villa. 4to, 23 pp., (1) bl. p., good copy, unbound, 7s 6d *Printed for J. Dodsley, London [1778]*
FIRST EDITION. Based on the 15th Elegy of Ovid, which is reprinted in Latin at the beginning. Dedic. to Mr. Miller is dated May 29, 1778. Watt, II, under "Envy." Halkett and Laing, I, 776. No copy in the Br. Mus. (H. 832.)

1465. c 15

E N V Y,

A

P O E M,

ADDRESSED TO

Mrs. MILLER,

A T

BATHEASTON VILLA.

"Ἴδμεν Ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,

"Ἴδμεν δ' εὖ τ' ἐβίλωμεν ἀληθεία μυθήσασθαι. HESIOD.

L O N D O N;

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

E N V Y

P O F M

ADDRESSED TO

Mrs. MILLER

BATHURST VILLA



PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, PALM-MALL
(PRINTED AND SIGNED)

T O

Mrs. M I L L E R.

MADAM,

THE following lines were written on the subject you was pleased to give out, for the finishing your poetical amusements for this season; but by an unlucky accident were sent too late to be put into your Vase; I flatter myself, therefore, you will excuse the liberty I take, in laying them at your feet in this public manner, and of assuring you that I am,

MADAM,

Your most devoted and

most obedient humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

MAY 29,
1778.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

TO THE

R E A D E R.

THE groundwork of the following poem
being taken from the 15th elegy of the first
book of OVID, addressed to ENVY, the Author
imagined that it might not be unacceptable to
the classical reader to have it presented to him
at the beginning.

OVIDIO

THE AUTHOR

O V I D I I,

ELEGIA XV. LIB. 1.

QUID mihi, Livor edax, ignavos objicis annos;
Ingeniique vocas carmen inertis opus?

Non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet ætas,

Præmia militiæ pulverulenta sequi:

Nec me verbosas leges ediscere: nec me

Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro.

Mortale est, quod quæris, opus. Mihi fama perennis

Quæritur: in toto semper ut orbe canar.

Vivet Mæonides, Tenedos dum stabit & Ide;

Dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas.

Vivet & Ascræus, dum mustis ūva tumebit:

Dum cadet incurva falce resecta Ceres.

Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;

Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.

Nulla Sophocleo veniet jactura cothurno.

Cum Sole & Luna semper Aratus erit.

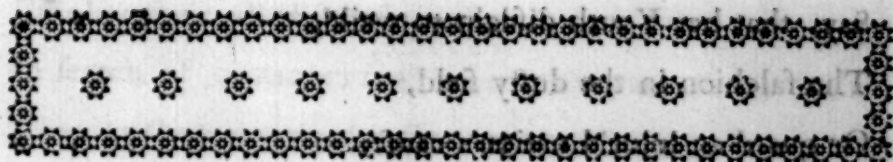
Dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena

Vivent, dum meretrix blanda; Menandros erit.

Ennius arte carens, animosique Accius oris,

Casurum nullo tempore nomen habent.

Varronem primamque ratem quæ nesciat ætas,
 Aureaque Æsonio terga petita duci?
 Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
 Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.
 Tityrus, & fruges, Æneiaque arma legentur,
 Roma, triumphati dum caput orbis eris.
 Donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
 Discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui.
 Gallus & Hesperii, & Gallus notus Eois,
 Et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.
 Ergo cum filices, cum dens patientis aratri
 Depereant ævo, carmina morte carent.
 Cedant carminibus Reges, Regumque triumphi:
 Cedat & auriferi ripa beata Tagi.
 Vilia miretur vulgus. Mihi flavus Apollo
 Pocula Castaliæ plena ministret aquæ.
 Sustineamque coma metuentem frigora myrtum:
 Atque a sollicito multus amante legar.
 Pascitur in vivis Livor: post fata quiescit,
 Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.
 Ergo etiam, cum me supremus adederit ignis,
 Vivam: parsque mei magna superstes erit.



E N V Y,

P O E M.

O H! hideous Fiend, of form uncouth,
With jaundic'd eye, and canker'd tooth,
Fell ENVY, why dost thou profane
The labours of the tuneful train?
Why deem sweet Poesie the child
Of airy Dreams, and Visions wild,
Or why, her votaries the growth
Of wanton Ease, and pamper'd Sloth?
Why say, that Virtue dwells no more
On lost *Britannia's* hapless shore?

Say,

Say, that her Youth disdain to weild,
 The falchion in the dusty field,
 Or guard an injur'd nation's cause,
 Her rights, her liberties, and laws?
 But turn'd to flat, unmeaning Bards,
 In sonnets, riddles, and CHARARDS,
 When Discord reigns, and Danger calls,
 Are piping songs and madrigals?

E'en while the proud, perfidious foe
 Spreads terror from the *Ohio*
 Far as the *Ganges*, and the *Indus*,——
 They're capering in the vales of *Pindus*?
 Or, wrapt in soft *Arcadian* dreams
 Of lovelorn nymphs, and purling streams,
 While Fortune, Fame, and Friends expire,
 Like *NERO* tune their wanton lyre?

Why say, that oft' with Spleen oppress'd;
 And Vanity that ne'er can rest,
 To *Bath's* gay scenes for refuge fly,
 These vocal sons of Luxury?

Nor

Nor weeting, what an ample field
 Their own dear selves for laughter yield,
 Employ their all-discerning eyes
 In search of CURIOSITIES* ;
 Then as their wayward passions move
 Their fickle souls to hate or love,
 These enterprising rhyme-dispensers
 Determine all our praise and censures.

What painter can the likeness draw
 Of things he never heard or saw ?
 Yet, strange ! as if by magic Fancy,
 Or potent charms of Necromancy,
 Your second-sighted Bath-inspectors
 Can conjure up a group of pictures,
 Where names and characters are painted,
 With which they're not the least acquainted ;
 And each his sufferings, each his share
 Of censure or applause must bear ;
 All destin'd, all condemn'd to chime
 In penal strains, and unrelenting rhyme.

* The preceding subject at Mrs. MILLER'S.

What though without one grain or symptom
 Of taste to guide, or wit to tempt 'em;
 And, what exceeds all parts and reading,
 Politeness, candor, and good breeding,
 Though many a line for satire meant
 Perversely runs to compliment,
 As often when 'tis meant to flatter,
 Turns rebel, and becomes a satire,
 Still must these unfledg'd songsters try
 On Fame's immortal wings to fly,
 By making every soul they meet,
 A victim to some pert conceit;
 Not e'en historians, and their patrons,
 Not decent, unassuming matrons,
 Or well-bred nymphs escape a stigma,
 In vile acrostic or enigma;
 Not e'en—— * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * defunct multa * * *
 * * * ——O cease, thou impious hag!
 Thou bane of every humorous wag!

Thou

Thou scourge to genius! cease to pour
 Thy venom on the Muse's lore!
 Life, fame, and energy divine
 Breathe from their pure, their sacred shrine;
 The paths of industry, which you
 Would make the *British* youth pursue,
 Or toils that hardy soldiers bear
 Are far beneath the poet's care;
 Ignoble all, and unrefin'd;
 For mean plebeian souls design'd;
 The Nine alone, the sacred Nine
 Their votaries to Fame consign,
 Bear them beyond this mortal date,
 And triumph o'er the shafts of Fate.

* While *Avon* laves the sweet retreats,
 Where *BLADUD* held his antient seats,
 While *CHARITY*'s soft bounty flings
 New blessings on his healing springs,

* See POETICAL AMUSEMENTS AT A VILLA NEAR BATH; the profits of which publication are very generously given by Mr. and Mrs. MILLER to the benefit of an extensive and well regulated charity, called the PAUPER SCHEME, at *Bath*.

Fame

Fame shall exalt the poet's lyres,
And MILLER who their notes inspires.

* While DREAMS, soft echos of the day,
In slumbers hold their airy sway,
While parting friends shall pity move,
Or poets paint the pangs of love,
Such as the sad ELIZA knew,
When YORICK took his last adieu,
Her fairest wreath the Muse shall twine,
And, JERNINGHAM, that wreath be thine.

† Nor less thro' Fancy's flow'ry way
Ingenious GRAVES delights to stray;
To him, in verse and friendship join'd,
SHENSTON his orphan muse consign'd;
And when, sweet bard, his last he breath'd,
To him his tuneful pipe bequeath'd; ‡

* See POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 3, page 1, subject DREAMS.

† The Rev. Mr. GRAVES, of *Claverton*, near *Bath*, author of *EUPHROSYNE*, and many other ingenious pieces.

‡ Et dixit moriens te nunc habet illa secundum.—Virg. Ecl.

And

And, right I ween, he knows full well
 With tuneful notes that pipe to swell;
 Right well he cheers the list'ning swains,
 That haunt the upland groves or plains;
 AVON delights to hear his voice,
 And CLAVERTON's high mounts rejoice.

* His pleasing, chaste, and classic lines
 BRAGGE to the laurel'd urn consigns;
 Nor let him fear the critic rod,
 While HELICON's inspiring God
 Gives with the youthful bard to dwell
 That GENIUS he describes so well.

† BEAUTY, in fairest garb array'd,
 And every winning smile display'd;
 Long shall her favourite nymphs rehearse
 In PALMERSTON's melodious verse.

* PORTICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 3, page 88, subject GENIUS.

† PORTICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 1, page 53, subject BEAUTY.

* GREVILL in sweet pierian lore
 Gives to the Nine one sister more,
 While grateful, as the month she sings
 Wafting soft gales from Zephyr's wings,
 She breathes her gently-warbling lays
 To beautiful † GEORGINA's praise;
 Not with more art, more taste, I ween,
 The Graces deck the Cyprian Queen;
 Nor less the Muse's wreath shall bloom,
 And time encrease its rich perfume;
 Ye angels say, who guard the shrine
 Of Beauty, and of verse divine,
 Can ENVY blast, or age impair
 A muse so sweet, a theme so fair?

† The learning, wit, and taste of ages,
 And spirits of departed sages
 All center in the well-ton'd shell
 And varied notes of LUTTEREL;

* POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 1. page 105, subject THE FIRST OF MAY.

† Lady GEORGINA SPENCER, now Duchess of Devonshire.

† POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 3, page 120, subject PHYSIOGNOMY.

Not e'en a GUIDO or a TITIAN
 Could draw his lines with more precision,
 Or FRESNOY sing on human *Phyzzes*,
 So long so sweet a strain as his is.

What though the keen ARTHRITIS racks
 The joints of SEDLEY, and of DRAX?
 In easy numbers that give birth
 To friendly smiles, and social mirth,
 * The Muse, in pity to their woe,
 Hath taught her tuneful sons to flow;
 O! Phœbus, if thy healing art
 No balmy medicine can impart,
 That health, those spirits to repair,
 Which each so well deserves to share;
 Still shall thy sweet poetic vein
 Smile in their verse, and sooth their pain;
 And o'er their shining scalps be laid
 The ivy crown, that ne'er shall fade.

* Τὸν πέρι Μῦσ' ἐρίλησε, δίδε δ' ἀγαθόντε κακόντε.

δίδε δ' ἡδὲ δόσιν δόσιν. — HOMER. ODYSSEY.

If

If Fancy, Elegance, and Ease
 In sweetly-flowing verse can please,
 The Muse shall keep fresh palms in store
 For DIGBY, BURGESS, HUNT, and MORE;

* Harmonious MORE, who well sustains
 The dignity of antient strains,
 In numbers such as ORPHEUS sung,
 Or dwelt on sweet AMPHION's tongue.

† Nor less to him whose tow'ring muse
 The same exalted theme pursues,
 And wrapt in Majesty sublime
 Disdains the servile bonds of rhyme,
 Shall future bards in grateful song
 Their tributary notes prolong,
 And many a lisping babe proclaim
 The sweet HARDCASTLE's liquid name.

ANSTEY, whom mirthful critics give
 In farfical conceits to live,

* POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, vol. 3, page 15, subject ANTIENT AND MODERN
 MUSIC COMPARED.

† Vol. 3, page 38, same subject.

Carols, I ween, his careless lays,
 As humour calls, or fancy sways,
 Regardless whether swans or geese
 Record him as a *curious piece*.

* What Matron, or what Miss can speak ill
 Of aught that drops from gentle JEKYL?
 O! may he oft' our foibles spy,
 Like *peeping Tom of Coventry*:
 Nor hear, ye nymphs, with aught but smiles,
 The harmless rhimes his muse compiles;
 Closely he points the pregnant distich;
 But when he sings in numbers mystick,
Of sceptic search in Chloe's kiss,
For new beatitude of bliss,
 I see the little bard grow higher,
 And boldly to the clouds aspire;
 E'en now, for taking of his airing
 I view the DILIGENCE preparing!

* Subject CURIOSITY.

E

Look

Look there ! how pretty doth he ride !
 The fair GODIVA by his side !
 With BATES his *waggaries* to boast,
 And puff him in his *Morning Post* !

Fain would the Muse her tribute bring
 To all who sip th' Aonian spring,
 From those industrious sons of PHOEBUS,
 Who twine the riddle and the REBUS,
 Acrostics weave, and roundelays;
 And make new legs for BOUTS-RIMÉZ,
 Up to th' aspiring Bards who soar
 Aloft in proud Miltonic lore ;
 I'd sing of grave Ecclesiastics
 Who neatly frisk in Hudibrastics,
 Stern Patriots, and modern CATOS,
 Who, turn'd to soft inamoratos,
 In woful elegy complain
 Of *slighted vows, and cold disdain* ;
 But PHOEBUS whispers in my ear,
 And bids me check the bold career ;

Bids

Bids me with cautious flight proceed,
 And curb the fierce Parnassian steed ;
 Give him his courage to regain,
 And bear him on the foaming rein,
 Then with redoubled strength once more
 The vast unbounded tract explore,
 And make each tuneful nymph and swain
 The subject of Pindaric strain ;
 But neither nymph or swain may dread
 Aught rudely, or unkindly said,
 No, on the pennons could I soar
 That erst the Theban Eagle bore,
 I'd waft them from the foul Terrene
 Of Rancour, Jealousy, and Spleen,
 Each spiteful, each invidious lay
 Drive to the howling winds away,
 Safe in my talons thro' the air
 Fam'd TULLY's *laurel'd Vase* I'd bear,
 I'd bear it to the realms above,
 Meet present for the throne of Jove ;

Take

Take every poet in my flight
 Triumphant to the fields of light,
 And make his well-gilt page supply
 New glories to the radiant sky.

So, when these seats of joy and love,
 The hermit Cell, the whispering Grove
 Shall hear our mirthful sounds no more,
 And this sweet VILLA's charms be o'er,
 Her Sun declin'd, her glories past,——
 ——The Bard's immortal fame shall last.
 Time shall devour the brazen bust,
 And marbles crumble into dust;
 E'en BATH's high palaces o'erthrow,
 Lay Wood's proud architecture low;
 Each Dorick, each Ionian pillar——
 ——But guard the sacred Urn of MILLER

To Verse the triumphs of the field,
 Heroes and Kings to Verse must yield,

Take

To

To deathless Verse, that far outshines
 The silver of Potosi's mines;
 That precious bane, that pois'nous ore,
 Let misers hoard, and fools adore;
 Such shining dross the Poet spurns,
 Leaves all such grovelling base concerns
 To Pettifoggers, Jews, and Factors,
 Pimps, Gamblers, Brokers, and Contractors;
 He never battens on the stealth
 Of public, or of private wealth,
 Such as the frugal parent's care
 Oft' gathers for his spendthrift heir,
 Or *England* tax'd, disgrac'd, forlorn,
 Feels from her inmost bowels torn;
 Enough for him, that PHOEBUS fills
 His cup from pure *Castalian* rills,
 That when he strikes the trembling strings,
 Virtue her fairest guerdon brings,
 Folly restrains her thoughtless round,
 And Vice shrinks backward at the sound.—

Go then, ye base, plebeian throngs,
 Go, triumph in the Muse's wrongs:
 ENVY, that preys on living Bards,
 Gives them in Death their just rewards.

E'en me, the meanest of the train,
 Who tune this wild advent'rous strain,
 If aught of spleen, or envious joke
 My artless numbers can provoke,
 When death shall close my falt'ring tongue,
 Cold be my hand, my lyre unstrung,
 Me too Detraction may release,
 And bid my ashes rest in peace.

And, O! ye chaste, ye beauteous maids,
 Who grace BATHEASTON's vocal shades!
 If, when the friendly Muse beguiles
 Life's heavier hours, I steal your smiles,
 Smiles, such as genuine joy bespeak,
 And mantle in your dimpling cheek,

Hap'ly one MYRTLE-SPRIG may bloom,
 And join the Cypress o'er my tomb ;
 Time may its fragrant life prolong,
 And some kind Bard in faithful song
 Record the spot where first it grew,
 Give the well-meaning Muse her due,
 And one short sigh escape from you.



F I N I S.

[33]

Happily one Myrtle-Straw may bloom

And join the Cypress on my tomb

Time may its fragrant life prolong

And some kind hand in faith will long

Renovate the spot where first it grew

One the well-meaning friend has done

And one that hath escaped from you



21 M 12